

Drastic Action

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Summary: This is what I hope will happen at the end of Whole Cake Island Arc, which is taking FOREVER to get started. SPOILERS if you're not caught up to chapter 819 of the manga.

Drastic Action

Nami carefully wrapped the gauze around Usopp's arm. She held a pair of scissors between her teeth, which probably wasn't very sanitary, but no one complained. She looped the cotton strip a couple more times before she was satisfied and tied it off, cutting the extra strand off.

"There, all done," she said.

"Thanks, Nami," Usopp replied. He wiggled his arm and then stretched it. "You're good. You should be a nurse."

"It's just basic first aid. You should get Chopper to show you. It can be really helpful."

"Then what would Chopper do?" Usopp was serious in his response.

Nami sighed when it became obvious he didn't understand what basic first aid was. It was no point explaining to him. Usopp bounded off in search of Luffy, leaving her to survey the mess. She didn't think everything could have gone so well despite going against a Yonkou. True, they weren't some first string pirates from East Blue, but a Yonkou. They never gone against someone so infamous as that before. Skill or divine luck or their determination prevailed again. And Luffy did what he did best, he kicked ass.

The Heart Pirates were crowding around their captain, crying over their fearless leader. The Krieg's pirates providing supplies and

carrying the wounded off. The dark forbidding-looking captain, known as Gin, barked the orders. From what Luffy told her, he was someone who owed Sanji his life so it was good that he showed up when he did.

The leader of the Rosy Life Riders stood proud and handsome, she supposed? Who knew that Duval and Sanji were actually related, albeit really distant, distant relation or something like that. His grandfather was the cousin to the wife of the nephew of Sanji's great-grand aunt, which would make them Nami pondered. Then again maybe they weren't related after all. Duval, the giant man, was rosy as always shouting orders to the Vinsmoke family. Sanji's older brothers were looking glum. Bitter and defeated, they had to do what Duval says simply because that was what the head of the family told them to do. And the head of the family was none other than, Sanji, their very own cook.

In a bizarre twist of fate, the estranged son, who wanted nothing to do with assassins became the head of the most powerful family of assassins. His father, who died saving Sanji's life, left everything to him. The family estate, the wealth and the control. Everything.

What Sanji was going to do? Nami wasn't sure. She felt confident he wasn't going to give up his dreams of finding All Blue, but what was he going to do about his family now that he was in charge? Let them be? Hardly a wise decision. Disband them? Was that possible? Find them a new line of work? Good luck with that. All she knew was she glad she wasn't in his shoes.

Nami cleaned up and packed up Chopper's medical supplies, when out of nowhere, Sanji appeared. Bruised and a little bloody, he looked sunny and cheerful despite the harrowing few days. His life on the line, her life on the line, then his father dying.

He did something unexpected, considering after all that had happened. He dropped down on one knee and grabbed her hand. "Nami-san," he breathed. He stared intently at her with such big round eyes. It was like he hadn't seen her in years.

Nami laughed, slightly confused. "What is it, Sanji-kun?"

"Did you cry over me?"

"Cry over?" she trailed. Now she was really confused. Sanji didn't elaborate and only waited.

Nami wracked her brain trying to make sense of it all. In the meantime, she got him to stand up. He could have at least let go of her hands so she could think. The way they looked, anyone would have thought he was going to propose to her. Though it was already too late, because a couple of people stopped to watch.

"You cried and you argued with Zoro over me?" he said. His hand covered his mouth. Now he was getting all teary-eyed.

Nami's brow furrowed. When did she argue with Zoro? She remembered yelling at him for running the wrong way a while ago. But that couldn't be it. He only grumbled and didn't put up much of a fuss. And she certainly wasn't crying over that. What else could it be?

Then it clicked. She understood what Sanji was talking about. It happened only two weeks ago, back at the Mink Tribe on the Zou Island. Admittedly she was a little hysterical and stressed at that time. Definitely not one of her better days.

It was an emotional roller coaster of a day, starting with fear and hate and quickly followed by revelation and jubilation and then ending in hopelessness and sadness. The Curly Hat Pirates had stopped Jack's crew that were left behind and Chopper had saved the Mink Tribe. They were hailed as heroes. Everyone was happy and celebrating. To her delight, she received what had to be the most beautiful dress she had ever seen for practically doing nothing. And all she could offer in return was just her favorite bikini top and jeans, which seemed like a poor trade, but the Minks insisted. Everything seemed wonderful and grand until they showed up, Pekoms and Capone, the two goons of Big Momma.

Moments before Sanji's mood was playful and mischievous, had suddenly turned sober and foreboding. Nami didn't like it one bit, which was why she prodded Chopper to go check on them. It was a dangerous mistake. Something that might have pushed Sanji to take drastic action.

It happened so fast. The feeling of shock, confusion and fear all balled into one. Nami didn't know what to think or do. The last thing she remembered was watching Sanji smile as he said good-bye.

Now that same smile was beaming at her again.

"Who told you that?" Nami demanded angrily. She turned her head around, picking out her suspects. Luffy? Usopp?

"Nami-san, please?" Sanji pleaded, drawing her back to his question. He looked so hopefully, so sincere and so very adorable, she didn't know how to answer him.

"Wellâ€¦" she hesitated. She opened her mouth and then closed it. "I might have."

Sanji's eyes grew huge and he clasped both of her hands and brought them to his chest. "Does that mean you finally fallen in love with me?"

Nami was floored. That question again. Was it a running gag with him? Why did he always ask her that question? Why didn't he ask Robin or some other girl for a change? She had already told him yes on two different occasions, just to humor him. Exactly what was the answer was he looking for?

"It's okay to tell him how you feel," an older feminine voice spoke.

Nami looked over to see Robin standing with a book in her hand. She was a little worn, her blouse hiding a bandaged shoulder, nonetheless she was fine. Standing next to her was Franky, carrying more of her books. In fact, everyone was there; Luffy, Usopp, Chopper, Brook and even Zoro. When did they show up and why were they all grinning like they did something bad?

"How I feel?" Nami turned back to Sanji only to find she couldn't

maintain eye contact with him without feeling awkward. Things were quickly getting very uncomfortable for reasons she couldn't understand.

How did she feel?

Right now Nami felt scared, not the "scared for your life" kind of scared, but nervous. Judging by the way her heart was racing, she was very nervous, but why? Was it because everyone was watching? But why should that make her nervous? They were her friends. They have been through so much together. They fought, ate, cried, partied and sailed the Grand Line together. They were a family. They could never make her feel nervous.

But then there was Sanji. He had let go of her hands, apparently aware of her unease. She watched him dug his hands into his pockets, his jaw tightened into a small smile. He looked disappointed. He looked sad.

No, no, no, no. Don't look like that. Sweet, kind Sanji, who always made her feel special, who always tried put a smile on her face even when she was cranky and upset. Please don't look like that because of her. But what was she suppose to say?

"It's okay, Nami-san," Sanji said politely. "I understand."

Finally her heart couldn't take it. She took a step forward, stood tippy-toe and kissed him softly on the lips.

There was a gasp, a giggle, a snort, an ooh and an aah and a few other noises from the peanut gallery. Nami paid them no mind. Her attention was focused entirely on Sanji.

What was going on with him? She assumed some kind of nose bleeding type reaction, but he was absolutely still and quiet. He only stared at her, his face getting redder by the second.

Nami breathed out and decided she was too stingy with the first one. Better to try again. This time she seized his shoulders and kissed him passionately. She held that kiss until he finally reacted by wrapping his arms around her waist and bringing her close to him. It was a blissfully wonderful kiss.

Who knew how long they kissed, but when they disengaged, the crowd that originally consisted of their crew, had grown to include pretty much everyone else.

Sanji, who was a little unsteady on his feet, had the biggest smile on his face. In his loudest voice, shouted, "Nami-san loves me!"

End
file.